

A **world** of **crime** and yet no **heroes**. Just *villains*.

Tons and **tons** of villains. All **wrapped** under my **black** cloak of the past, and my **wisdom** of **tomorrow**. ~~Future~~ is *depicted* by those who are **LIVING**, but what future may **lie** after I am done with this *solemn* place? Do YOU know how many **times** I have been called the **heroic villain?** A **villainous hero?** How can something **SO OPPOSITE** be **described** in this matter? I *free* the **FIRES** that is the *frivolous crimes* with **vengeance** for people of this **NA ON**, not to **suit** them, but to **better** this **waste** of a **city**. A city in **peril** and in *suffering*. I am not here to beat the **bad guys** or help the *good guys* because **in the end** it is all **black** and **white**. I wear this **"disguise"** to keep me **self-obtained**, but why is it **you** are talking to *me?* A **murderer** amongst his people? "I thought maybe I could **help**..." **Help** is a four letter word for *cowardice*. Vulnerability. **WEAKNESS**. I ~~don't~~ **hope** for a better **world**. I **make** it. And if that means people have to **die** then so be it. They say I am a **sinner** of *sacred* ceremonies of **life**. A **SEDITIONOUS THREAT** to the **world**. I say I am the *peacekeeper* of *death*. The *living* **paradox** in **evil** form. Yet I mean no *harm*. **Funny** isn't it? Something so **contradictory**, yet... **FREE**.